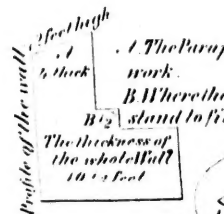


Woods

Cornfield for $\frac{1}{4}$ of a Mile Round

Barn



- A. A Ditch with a breastwork thrown up
B. The earth not dug away in the Lunets.
C. The entrance of the Powder room Cannon mounted on this bastion the whole fort, 8 Cannon, 4 of which Pounders. The prick line represents Posts of Wood drove in the ground high & mortized together with holes for small Arms.

Garding's

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Fort Duquesne, 1754.
by Robert Stobo.

Cornfield

Bark Cabins for the Soldiers



Wells

MONONGHELLA

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MEMOIRS
OF
MAJOR ROBERT STOBO,
OF THE
VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

ARMA VIRUMQUE.

PITTSBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY
JOHN S. DAVIDSON, NO. 65 MARKET STREET,
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF
KENNEDYS' BANK NOTE REVIEW, THIRD ST.
1854.

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INTRODUCTION.

On the third day of July, A. D. 1754, almost one hundred years ago, that great man who was afterwards to act so grand and glorious a part in the history of our country, and whose fame is now spread and reigns unparalleled throughout the globe we inhabit, the great and good GEORGE WASHINGTON, then an obscure and undistinguished Colonel of an incomplete Virginia Regiment of one hundred and fifty "self-willed and ungovernable" men, was beleaguered by French and Indians in *Fort Necessity*, in an adjoining county. The enemy had a formidable force; the hastily constructed work was very defective, and of hopes of relief there were none. For nine hours, the enemy, concealed and protected by the surrounding trees, poured in an incessant fire upon the besieged; already thirty of the garrison were killed, and only three of the enemy. Terms of surrender were, at length, proposed by the besiegers and accepted. Hostages were to be delivered for the faithful performance of the stipulations on the part of the English Colonies. These hostages were Captain Van Braam, a Dutchman, and the subject of the following memoirs.

On that day, third of July, 1754, the English garrison withdrew from the basin of the Ohio, and then, in the eloquent language of Bancroft: "In the whole valley of the Mississippi to its head springs in the Alleghenies, no standard floated but that of France."

Such was the condition of affairs in this region when Stobo and Van Braam were conveyed as prisoners and hostages to Fort Du Quesne, within the site of our present city. Truly the prospects of poor Stobo were then gloomy and discouraging, indeed. Of Van Braam's fidelity, some doubts have, perhaps unjustly, been entertained. These doubts, whether well or ill founded, must always blunt the keenness of our conviction of his feelings.

But of Stobo's feeling, no doubt can exist. His whole future life, so far as we have any knowledge of it, proves him to have

been an ardent lover of his country, and a most enterprising and daring man. Cut off, as he was in Fort Du Quesne, from all direct intercourse with his countrymen, surrounded by Frenchmen and Indians, it could scarcely be expected that he would be disposed to think of any thing but escape. He, however, was a man of indomitable spirit, and even while thus secluded, instead of sinking into despondency and listless inactivity, he spent his time in writing letters stimulating his countrymen to action, and furnishing information necessary to success.

It is now many years since the writer of this introduction first saw two letters from ROBERT STOBO, written in Fort Du Quesne, in July, 1754, almost a year before Braddock's defeat. Inclosed in one of these letters, was an accurate plan of Fort Du Quesne. When the writer of this article first read those letters, he was strongly, deeply impressed with the noble, devoted, self-sacrificing spirit manifested in every line.

"When we engaged to serve our country, we expected to do it with our lives." "Consider the good of the expedition without regard to us." "Haste to strike." "Let the good of the expedition be considered preferable to our safety." Such is the language, such the spirit, displayed in these letters!

The writer of this article was first struck with admiration at the lofty spirit and disinterested patriotism exhibited in these letters. Then, when he reflected upon the information they contain, the urgent counsel to action they give, his admiration was combined with surprise and curiosity. Surprise at the daring of Stobo in writing such information, and trusting it in the hands of Indians who might be treacherous, or even if faithful, might be suspected by the French and searched. Curiosity to know how in the midst of enemies in a petty hostile fort, he could find means to write such letters, and prepare a plan of the Fort, which would be so useful to an attacking army. Had he been detected in writing these letters or preparing the plan, or had *Mono* or Delaware George proved treacherous, and betrayed the author, his condition would have been greatly altered for the worse.

Strong evidence would be required to convince us that such letters and a plan were really prepared under such circumstances. In this case, however, there is no room for doubt. The letters and plan were received by Colonel Washington in due time,

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copies were sent to the Executive of Pennsylvania, and subsequently copies were also furnished to General Braddock. After his defeat, on the ninth of July, 1755, these papers fell into the hands of the enemy, were sent to France, and from thence to Quebec, where Stobo was then confined, and there placed his life in great jeopardy.

From the first reading of these letters, the writer of this introduction was seized with an anxious, longing desire to know more about the high-spirited, self-sacrificing patriot and soldier who wrote them. Never has this desire ceased to exist. From David Hume's letter to Smollet, the writer learned that Stobo had met some "remarkable adventures." What these adventures were, was still unknown, until through the kindness of a friend, and the aid of Mr. James McHenry, (a son of Dr. McHenry, the novelist and poet, formerly of this city,) a worthy and enterprising merchant of Liverpool, a manuscript copy of the "Memoirs of Major Robert Stobo" was obtained from the British Museum. This is now republished in Pittsburgh, near the site of Fort Duquesne, where Stobo was confined as a prisoner just one hundred years ago. The letters are not given in the memoirs, but copies of those letters and of the plan of the Fort, taken from the Records at Harrisburgh, are now introduced, and a very few notes are also added. It is hoped that such a notice of a man who began his eventful career here, and who displayed such a noble spirit, will not prove uninteresting.

It is a coincidence not unworthy of notice, that forty years later, almost to a day, from the time of writing Stobo's last letter, this point at the head of the Ohio was the scene of great excitement, the field of insurrection against the laws of the land. The country was no longer subject to the rule of a foreign power, which assumed to pass laws and impose taxes without representation, but was a free, sovereign and independent nation, with the right, the glorious privilege of electing those who, alone, could impose taxes and adopt the necessary legislation. At the head of this great Republic, then, stood that same GEORGE WASHINGTON, who forty years before had figured as an obscure and undistinguished Colonel at Fort Necessity. To perfect the coincidence, and as if by contrast to exhibit in brighter light the heroism and fidelity of Stobo, another Scotchman appeared in the field.

In July, 1794, the mass of the population, either from actual disaffection or from fear of those who were disaffected, rose up in hostility to the government chosen by the people. The adherents of the government were then almost as few and feeble in comparison with the insurgents, as Stobo was in relation to the French, in July, 1754. The later Scotchman, however, possessed none of the heroism which distinguished his predecessor—he, like Stobo, wrote letters, but in tone and spirit they were vastly different. They contained no urgent instances to “haste to strike.” No such counsel as “think not of our safety;” “care not for us.” The counsel of the more politic demagogue was “wait,” “delay,” “be not in haste.” Three successive years of trampling on the laws, of maltreating public officers, of expulsion of the friends of government, of tarring and feathering and incendiarism, were not sufficient. A longer reign of misrule and disorder were desired. Stobo writes that one hundred trusty Indians might surprise and take the Fort; he uses no exaggeration of the strength of the French; no expression to discourage his friends; gives no highly colored pictures of the power of the enemy. The later Scotchman aggravates in every way the strength of the insurgents with whom he was then acting, but whom he deserted when their fortunes assumed a more gloomy aspect. “I am decisive in the opinion,” says he, “that the United States cannot effect the operation of the law;” “the question will not be about marching to Pittsburgh,” “but whether they (the insurgents,) will march to Philadelphia.” Such is the difference between the conduct of the high spirited Scotchman of 1754, and of his countryman forty years later.

We all know the future fortune of the shrewd and more subtle North Briton; he rose to a distinguished station; but of the faithful and heroic Stobo, we have no knowledge. Where were his later years passed? Did he long survive the capture of Quebec? Or did his fiery spirit soon wear out its earthly tabernacle? Did the British Government overlook his past services, or was he employed in some distant portion of their wide-spread dominions?

These are all questions which the writer, at least, would gladly have answered.

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The North Briton

MEMOIRS, ETC.

THIS little hero of the following memoirs, whose dauntless courage, constant zeal, and still greater sufferings, well deserve the attention of every lover of his country, was born at Glasgow Anno 1727. His father, William Stobo, was a merchant and citizen of that place, and the first who brought its manufactures up to England, whence Glasgow has since received such vast yearly returns: his mother was daughter of James Mitchell, of Balmore, near Glasgow, remarkable for nothing more than his eminent piety, and a small inheritance of his family, who was commonly distinguished by the appellation of the gentleman of Balmore, which courtesy he probably enjoyed as being nearly related, by his mother, to the noble and ancient family of Montrose.

ROBERT STOBO was the only son of his father that lived past infancy, and consequently the great darling of his parents, and, withal, so prodigiously delicate in his constitution, that when a boy, he was nursed two spring seasons on breast milk. Being at

length able to go to school, his infant education was attended to with great care, and he was early in the Latin School of that place; here, as he had gathered a little strength to his natural activity of body and mind, he soon betrayed a turn for arms, and constantly employed his play hours in drum-beating, mustering, and exercising his comrades with great alertness, and would often discipline them, severely, too, though much his superiors in strength of body, for he still was very delicate.

In the year 1740, his father died, and leaving him under the guardianship of his nearest friends, he spent a season or two in the University there, when, his mother dying likewise, his friends determined, with his own consent, to send him to Virginia, to serve in a store of some merchants of Glasgow, where he performed his engagements with approbation; and having begun business for himself, he returned to Glasgow Anno 1747; in order to commence merchant with better hopes of success, he converted some houses he had into money, and laid out all his small fortune in merchandize, and went over with a resolution to settle at least some years in Virginia, where the natural openness and freedom of his temper, joined with a turn for gaiety, soon made him a necessary person in every party of pleasure, and his acquaintance was much courted by all the best company of the province.

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Too much of his time went this way to make any considerable progress in the mercantile life, and as it ill-suited with his disposition to be constantly entertained by his friends without returning their civilities, he determined to keep house with very little other view than to entertain, and his house was indeed open to every body. In this pleasurable scene, which lasted till 1754, he enjoyed the only sweets he has yet tasted, for early in that year the French began to make very bare-faced encroachments on the frontiers of Virginia, in so much that the Governor, Mr. Dinwiddie, found himself obliged to oppose them; in the Assembly of the province a regiment is determined to be forthwith raised, and to advance towards the enemy to stop their progress; the occasion was very opportune, and too well suited to Mr. Stobo's disposition to let it pass; he offered his service to the province in this dangerous emergency.

As he was a particular favorite with the Governor, and as may be easily imagined from his temper and way of life, much beloved by the whole people, he was appointed the oldest Captain of this regiment: here his hospitable disposition did not vanish, for he provided largely for the campaign. The regiment was formed in March; he had ten servants, mechanics whom he enlisted, provided himself with a covered wagon, well filled with every necessary

proper to make these mountainous woody deserts as agreeable as their situation could admit. During his stay with the regiment (which we shall soon see was not long) he kept an open table in the wilderness, which was plentifully supplied with the game the woods afforded, as he had some of the best sportsmen of this kind constantly out for that purpose, besides, he carried a whole butt of Madeira wine with him at his first setting out.

This sort of behaviour soon won him the hearts of all the officers, and his activity in forwarding the discipline of the soldiers, soon drew their attention to him; in short, he was too much the darling of officers and men to escape the suspicion and envy of his superior officers, and this may, with some probability, be suspected for the reason of his being delivered up an hostage, as we shall see immediately.*

By the breaking out of the war so suddenly in North America, Mr. Stobo was altogether baulked in the schemes he had formed of advancing his

NOTE—It would seem from this that Stobo was not a willing hostage. Still there is no good ground for the intimation that jealousy induced the selection of him as one of the hostages. Van Braam was the other, neither of them natives of the colonies, and neither of them having families to be left behind.—N. B. C.

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fortune with the advantages of his mechanics, etc., which certainly would have been the case had the regiment remained inactive on the frontiers, and built forts by way of barriers against the enemy ; but the French had prevented this effect by the hostilities they had already committed against the English settlers, by driving them from their habitations, and building Fort Duquesne so far within the territories of his Britannic Majesty, as they were stipulated by the treaty of Aix la Chapelle. But as it is no part of my business, and far from my design, to enter into the merits of the war, or speak of its progress, I shall only touch very briefly upon these scenes, so far as they relate to my story, where Mr. Stobo was immediately concerned.

A part of the regiment, in June, had advanced to the Great Meadows, not far from the Appalachian Mountains, with Major Washington at their head ; and on the 3d of July, in the morning, were advised of a large body of French Canadians and barbarians being close upon them ; in this surprise, as they understood the enemy were about three times their number, it was immediately resolved to entrench themselves ; Captain Stobo was pitched upon for engineer, and in so short a time as they had withal, for the enemy attacked them the same day, he planned and executed such entrenchments, which, by the by, were so bravely defended, that the French could

not force them that night, and notwithstanding they were half filled with water before morning, yet they prepared for a most resolute defence. Next day Monsieur considering it might cost them dear to force such brave fellows, offered them terms of capitulation, which, in their present situation, they could by no means refuse, the articles of which are inserted at length in the London Magazine for September, 1759, in the history of the rise and progress of the present war.

For the performance of these articles* on the the part of Britain, Captain Robert Stobo and Van Braam were delivered up as hostages, and the rest had the liberty to march out of their sorry garrison with all the honors of war, and to return home. Upon this strange alteration of the Captain's affairs, he presented the Lieutenant of his own company with his sword, as he had then no farther use for it, and begged he would not spare it when opportunity offered to draw it in behalf of his country, and which sword, notwithstanding that gentleman fell with the unfortunate General Braddock, was restored

For these articles see Appendix A. But it would not be just to the memory of Washington to omit saying that the French word for "assassination" was translated "death." Whether the mistranslation by Van Braam was treacherous or stupid is not known.—C.

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to its primitive owner long after his escape from Quebec, and which the Major now wears with a singular esteem.

But to return, we must now view our hero in another light; instead of devising liberal things for the accommodation of his brother officers and adventurers, advancing the military genius of the soldiers, and above all, striving to excel in the service of his country, he is now in the hands of his country's enemies, and we shall presently find him in a dungeon, lying on a bag of straw, with a morsel of bread and a pan of cold water by his side, the cold earthen floor his table, no cheerful friend to pledge him to a glass, or other guest came there, except a mouse ran past his meagre fare.

In the mean time he was sent to Fort du Quesne, where he was treated as became his station, with all the complaisant double entendre so familiar to the French. Here he had not been long before he was heartily convinced of the faithless regard paid by that nation to any treaty, by their manifest violation of these articles for which he was detained, and forthwith formed a resolution of being serviceable to his country, even at the expense of being a Frenchman; satisfied that he had not sought the opportunity to violate his parole, but deemed himself entirely absolved from all obligations of honor on that point, he falls about forming a plan of Fort

du Quesne, with all its approaches; meditated a scheme for the reduction of the place, committed both to paper, and was so regardless of himself as to sign it with his own name, and at a great expense and much hazard conveyed it, by means of an Indian, to the commanding officer at Wills Creek. There let it remain, it will make its appearance again but too soon.

Some time, not long after the capitulation, the Captain, though at this distance, nor likely soon to rejoin his regiment, took his rank in it as Major, and to that command the Governor of Virginia would appoint none other during all his troubles, which kept him from the regiment five years and upwards.

Whether through a mistaken policy or without design is uncertain, but the French removed their hostage from one fort to another, through the whole chain of them, from Fort du Quesne down to Quebec, which is about three hundred leagues, with this advantage to himself, that he had liberty to go and come as he pleased all about the country; but at first he was at a great loss from his not knowing the French tongue, to acquire which was his first study, in which pursuit he was greatly assisted by the ladies, who took great pleasure in hearing him again a child, and learning to pronounce his syllables; his manner was still open, free and easy, which gained him ready access into all their

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company; nay, indeed, they never thought any company complete unless Monsieur Stobo made one in it, where as soon as he had gained a tolerable acquaintance of their language, he much availed himself of their maxims and policy, and of the nature, constitution and manners of the different Indian nations through which he passed; and so much was he in their esteem about this time, that they conferred upon him the honor of the Mississaga Indian* nation. The ceremony of the installation he has not yet declared, but the badge of this order he can never go without, for it is pricked on the foresides of both thighs, immediately above the garter, in form something like a diadem; the operation was performed with some sharp fish bones dipped in a liquid which leaves a blackness under the skin which never wears off; and as he had very little other employment at that time, he endeavored to make himself as agreeable as he could with the ladies, and found himself much in their good graces; and whose esteem he courted principally to gain the knowledge of things by their means, which the

NOTE—I have heard it suggested that Stobo was Smollet's original for Captain Lismahago in the adventures of Humphrey Clinker. It is known by a letter from David Hume to Smollet, that Stobo was a friend of the latter author, and his adventures may have suggested that character. But if so, the copy is a great exaggeration —C.

gentlemen, with greater caution, concealed from him. Setting aside the gentleness of his manner, there was something in his appearance very engaging; he was of the middle size, that is, about five feet nine and a half or near 10 inches high, of a dark brown complexion, a penetrating eye, an aquiline nose, round face, a good cheerful countenance, a very genteel person, rather slender than robust, and graceful in his whole deportment.

This scene lasted, without interruption, till the beginning of the year 1755, when the French Gazette pointed him out as a person who had informed the English Government of the strength and situation of Fort du Quesne,* which might very readily transpire, if communicated at that time, when none of the schemes of this court were put in execution till nearly all Europe were acquainted with them. Upon this alarm, the Major's conduct was observed with stricter attention than it had been, and the French officers now began to look upon him as a dangerous inmate, but he still preserved his credit with the ladies, by cultivating

NOTE---In the memorial issued by the French Government in 1756, justifying its conduct, Stobo is described as a spy in Fort du Quesne, who had communicated valuable information to the British authorities. His letters are published in the appendix to the memorial, and his plan of the Fort is said to be "exact."

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that familiar *tete a tete* in their conversation in such abundance, as left them no room to think he took time to reflect on any thing else. Monsieur Stobo do such a thing! Oh, no, poor unthinking gentleman! was their constant apology for him. But they were soon undeceived, and he was soon deprived of their conversation, together with his liberty, and almost every other gratification which could make his life supportable.

As soon as General Braddock landed in North America, in 1755, the commanding officer at the Creek* delivered to him the Major's letters† and plan, which that unfortunate General kept till he fell, when he was surprised and attacked by the Indians on his march through the woods; almost all his baggage fell into the hands of the enemy, with his papers, and these among the rest; unlucky contingent attending such a great disaster, and oh! unthinking Major indeed, signed with his own name.

Upon this discovery, he was committed close prisoner at Quebec, and hardly used; these credentials against him were remitted to Paris by the very first opportunity, and returned next year with a

NOTE---Washington at Wills' Creek, where Cumberland now stands.

†For copies of these letters see Appendix B.

commission for the Governor of Canada to try the prisoner for his life. Some time this year, 1756, he affected an escape from prison, but there was immediately a reward of 6,000 livres offered to any body that would bring him in alive or dead, which drew several thousands into the woods in quest of him, and he was soon replaced in his confinement, and that, too, soon changed to a worse place, and now we shall find him in a situation truly melancholy. Behold him marching into a dungeon where no ray of the sun, that gladness of the eyes, ever came, nor did the smallest glimpse of light ever visit his dark abode; a place long unfrequented. No crime in Canada was equal to such horrors, for at his entrance here he found nor chair nor stool, his dismal couch, a cotton bag of straw, lay on the floor, so long unused to any guests that the green corn, or rather white, had grown up full four inches high above the canvass; before it, on the floor, was set an earthen pan, replenished plentifully with chill cold water, and over it was laid a piece of bread.

Here, Major, take thy rest, if rest can enter here; mope on melancholy and drench thy soul in sorrow; here, indeed, necessity and dread of worse might soothe a murderer's guilty conscience, but to a soul like thine, how must the agonizing moments linger on for six long weeks.

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could scarce see his finger an inch before his nose, yet by the darkness, almost visible, his eyes acquired such a strength of sight, that, ere long, he could discern a mouse when running on the floor, though at some distance.

Hence, on the 28th of November, was our hero brought, with unrelenting heart, to the Canadian bar of martial justice, where Monsieur Vaudreuil, the Governor, sat President; the Court was set, the prisoner arraigned for violating the known laws of nations, for breach of faith, and treasonable practices against the government that sheltered him. Tried by his peers, well might they have spared this guilty brother, for when ever did they preserve their faith, and by their manifest corrupt example he scorned to offer his a sacrifice to their more barbarous infidelity; all this, and more, in vain he pleaded, no counsel for the pannel, the vote was put, and hang he must by general consent; the day was fixed, and back he's hurried to his dark abode, much worse than death, there to meditate on his last graceful exit, and con his penitentials o'er; far different was the effect—his country still prevailed, and was the reigning thought within his breast; he still was confident they durst not execute their villainous sentence on a British subject, and still burned with expectation some time to get free and to retort upon them the vile indignities they offered

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him. The judgment they had given they sent to France, and wait the approbation of their King, but Louis thought not fit to approve; mean while they changed his dungeon to the common jail, where two stout sentinels were posted at his door, and two below his window, but *fortuna favet fortibus*, this held him not; here was a long winter on his hand; they often threatened him with execution, and oft have led him out in triumph through Quebec, his arms with cords well flightered down; his constant answer was, he hoped the day would come when he could twist their nose for't, who caused him this disgrace.

Here the Major learned to smoke tobacco, and every thing he could devise to kill the tedious hours, as no relief was found to free him from their hands; no cartel could bring a prisoner of equal consequence to them; he had seen all their strength, their every garrison, and was too well qualified to serve against them to hope he should get from them. There was an officer of note, Laforce by name, in Virginia, a prisoner detained, and he was offered; that would not do, they lost by the exchange.

To hear the barbarous inhuman murders that were in plenty daily dealt amongst his countrymen by the savage Indians and the more faithless French, has oft wound up the passions of his soul to madness, which often sunk as low to think on his

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confinement; often would he resolve within his breast, to find out an expedient to get away. At length being wearied with conjecture and weighing consequences, he fixed upon the window for his door, and if the lucky project hit, and he could but once gain the woods, a six weeks painful journey would bring him to an English settlement. The scheme was laid, the window was the place, and it was firmly barred with iron, right up and down, but not across; from iron to iron at bottom, there must be a groove cut in the hard stone, deep and wide enough to let one staunchion to the other slide, which yielded him an easy passage; a sorry knife, round at the point, with which he cut his victuals, was all his tools; with this his method was to rub the stone, for cut it would not, and he must not strike for fear of making a noise.

The work's begun; now let us look out for the provision for the journey; naked of arms, offensive or defensive, he must get out or stay, provisions must be carried with him, for which purpose a knapsack was secured; and in this room, upon the floor, there was a stove made round, and a box; on one side, a small door with bars, and on the top was flat; a funnel from the sides conveyed away the smoke; on this he parched with care what for his pilgrimage he meant to carry.

And now to work by turns, and now to cater for

the knapsack; long time was spent in this amusement, great caution, too, was used for secrecy, for his room door was always open to the jailor, who might surprise him at his work; the growing groove was to be filled, with constant care, at leaving off his labor, by chewing bread on purpose, ready, which, stuffing in the hole, he covered with the sand which he had rubbed, or ashes of his pipe, of the same colour; if he had been surprised before the other was provided, which some times was the case, for at this lazy hewing method he often grew mad and tired, and would curse his perverse fate, which the poor stone was sure to feel with such a rub, the grating noise of which would some times rouse the jailor, who lived immediately below him, and he'd come tumbling up; the hole was filled and covered up so nicely, the Major setting reading on a book, or walking, smoked his pipe, as fancy led. The jailor stalked about the room, with curious eye, and now looked through the bars, and then would ask his prisoner if he had not perceived such gentlemen pass by his window, nor would he say that he suspected foul designs, but narrowly surveyed each corner. This often was the trial of his vigilance.

At length the work was done, the bar had room to play, but being fast at the top, and short withal, it was too strong for him to bend; to help out this defect, a file was wanting, which he soon supplied

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by tying his handkerchief round two bars, and into this he put a stick, with which he screwed up hard the handkerchief, which brought both bars together in a trice, and there was room enough. This engine proved, all was in order filled, as naught had been achieved; the knapsack, too, was stored with dried ham and tongue, and bread and cheese, and what else suited for to keep, full thirty pounds and more; thus all was ripe for execution, but the time was wanted, and now it comes.

The 30th of April it had hailed, rained, blowed, and thundered with such violence as made it terrible, and night came on, repenting nothing of the day; the sentries, placed without, naught suspected, and thinking all was quiet in such a dreadful tempest, sought the shelter of the house; far otherwise it fared above, for he was looking for the opportunity, and found their posts deserted; the midnight hour drew nigh, the knapsack tied and slung, the screw at work, and thus the window's opened, and down he plumps, a goodly height, into a mire below; scarce had he touched the ground, but off he went with quick dispatch. Certain of his way, he stood not to consider, but straight he flew, well soaked in rain, and beaten by the storm; and far above the town he reached a farmer's, and there took up his quarters for the approaching day into an out house,

on a hay loft, where the kind hen had left for him her eggs to suck for drink.

The morning dawn of May the 1st proclaimed the day, when up the watchful jailor goes to see his prisoner; the door he opened, but—*par bleu*, Monsieur was gone; away he sets, with rueful face, to give the alarm; again 6,000 livres offered for him by beat of drum; it yet was early, nor could the fugitive be far, the sum was tempting, and out sets the whole town. Meanwhile, he's sure they are after him, and snug he lies there two whole days; and by the 3d, different parties, different ways, pursued at a greater distance.

About the midnight hour he steals from out his lurking place, with silent step and watchful eye, till by degrees he leaves the farmer's house behind, and straight he fares for Charles' River; when he came there, it was high water; no time was left to hesitate, and through he wades up to his chin, his knapsack on his head.

Thus drenched in the flood, with speed he seeks the friendly covert of the neighboring woods, and there remained for the next day; next night he edges down the river, nor at great distance, hoping there to find some stranded skiff, or forlorn canoe, with which to waft him o'er the Lawrence, then to pursue his journey southwards through the woods. But next unlucky night, when he had got below the

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falls of Montmorenci, just in the twilight of the approaching shade, as he had set his foot on the great road, leads downwards from the falls, to cross it towards the river, he spied some gentlemen come riding up, and they saw him; surprised, he started back to his cover, they pushed on with speed, and in they rushed among the bushes; their's was the prize, the prisoner was seized, and dragged, reluctant, to Quebec.

Oh! hast thou then, Britannia, thus spurned me from thy service, and am I doomed, by unrelenting fate, in this inhospitable place to die, or grow grey headed in jail, pent up thus in Quebec? had I but fallen at the Meadows, and slept in honor's oozy bed, I had been happy; but thus to die by inches, and cutting thought! the scorn of Britain's faithless enemies, obliged to hear them vaunt the cruel deaths that's daily suffered by her bravest sons, my countrymen, their mighty Monarch's potent arm does this, mighty, indeed, for butchering and murder. Oh! could I but regain my liberty, once more to draw my sword for my lov'd country, and take ample vengeance on her remorseless foes, this feeble arm should fight while life remained, which, losing in her service, I would yield with pleasure; but oh! I fear the happy death is not for me.

Thus did he moan his hapless destiny; ill used before, better could not now be hoped for; he

sickens at the thought of his sad fate, and pines at thinking all his hopes were gone ; a dreary while for him remained to linger out in sad despondency, well barred and bolted in with treble vigilance. A long, long summer, and a dismal winter were to come, and these, for what he knew, might be repeated, if life so long would stay ; he could not stand the thought, his spirits failed him, his looks grew pale, corroding pensive thought sat brooding on his forehead, and left it all in wrinkles ; his long black hair grows, like a badger, grey ; his body to a shadow wastes, and ere the winter came with her keen edge of harden'd cold, his health was gone, yet he must struggle still with the remaining span of life, for out he must not come, and he's given up for dead.

There dwelt, by lucky fate, in this strong capital, a lady fair, of chaste renown, of manners sweet, and gentle soul ; long had her heart confessed for this poor prisoner, a flame best suited with the spirit of the times to smother, whose tender breast felt double smart at this his deep affliction, which threatened certain death ; her kindred was confessed, and influence, too, well known with Vaudreuil, this was her time, or death must soon have finished all his sorrows ; and, strange speech of love, though reasonable, thus she accosts the proud Canadian Vice Roy :

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sure were right when they condemned this haughty English prisoner to lose his forfeit life to our grand Monarch whose great benevolence gives peace to mankind, his mighty arms give empire to the world, and then, his trusty friend and well beloved Governor of this his far and wide extended Northern Empire, has wisely held, for him, the reins of this great government, faithful to disclose to thy grand master, this our faithless foe; and well and truly, by the King's commission, hast thou tried the nature of his crime, and for thy justice in his sentence, no doubt thy sovereign will give thee thanks, and soon approve the wisdom of thy judgment; how will it please great Lewis that this guilty wretch should suffer for such crimes, and how will it grace the annals of thy government, that thy country's foe met with his just punishment from thee: But should this faithless monster die in prison, thou would'st be the loser, and he'd elude the death he well deserves. Let me advise, thee, therefore, as thy faithful cousin, to change the prison to some freer air: Thou knowst there lives upon the ramparts a trusty servant, to his King and thee, whose faith's been often tried; a centinel stands always by his door, if there were need for force, as I believe there's none, for as I am told, he only lives, nor would he, so I think if he was able, be fool enough to attempt again to get away, as he has

twice already tried his vanity and thy known vigilance, and yet the wretch may live to grace thee with his swing,—I but advise."

Her virgin innocence and unsuspected words prevailed, and the advice went down; he thanking her for her kind affection to his honor, and forthwith placed the prisoner on the ramparts. If thither he could walk, 'twas all he could, he was so wasted. A very little more would have wrought his business; but by the well timed care of his kind hostess, and her yet kinder daughters, our prisoner here recovers by degrees, and was indulged to walk upon the ramparts, but not without the sentries' view, who had the strictest charge to vigilance. The Major, too, bestowed great pains to shun suspicion, nor once transgressed his bounds, or over walked therein, except in open day, nor ever with the sentinels was seen to speak; expressed great satisfaction with the favor shown him in this his gentler confinement. Peace to the gentle maid who first contrived and brought about this happy change. One kind officious daughter of his hostess, with never ceasing care, beyond the rest, if she heard him stir, or thought he wanted any thing, even at midnight, or the earliest hours, was ever running up for to prevent, if possible, his wants. The British months of Spring time now had come, of March and April, but here 'tis later, and some English officers,

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prisoners at Quebec, had leave to visit him. Among the rest a Lieutenant of Roger's Ranging Regiment, whose name was Stevenson; there too remained amongst the crowd of prisoners brought in, one Clark, a Scotchman, born at Leith, a ship carpenter by trade; with him, his wife he had, and two small children; a third the savages had some where beat its brains out in the poor parent's sight. With Clark its like necessity bore no control; his family must be supported, and to regain his liberty, he readily embraced the holy Catholic faith, as practised in the Romish mode, (a hopeful convert, truly;) ship carpenters were scarce, and he had full employ; his readiness to serve had gained him confidence, and he was talked of to go down the river with a sloop to bring the crew who had escaped the Eagle's wreck at Belle Isle Straights. His own dear infant killed, and other cruel barbarous murders he had seen, as practised in perfection here, had doubtless estranged his heart from all this savage people, and now he hugs himself with hopes to get away in this convenient barque, could he but man her with some English prisoners, with arms in their hands, provided the night before she was to sail. He missed his aim. Another went, and sore he moaned his fair, lost opportunity. Stevenson communicated to the Major this abortive scheme, which soon begat another more successful, and sets our hero free for

action. His health confirmed, though natural policy forbade his own confession of this truth, and now he found it necessary, that he might act with greater freedom, to quarrel with his young kind nurse; this breach accomplished, with reluctance, Stevenson he constituted his only confident, the river was their route, and Clark was necessarily of the party, as the only person who ought had seen of maritime affairs, at freedom, too, to purchase what was wanted for their expedition. The Major's pocket was the exchequer whence all their payments issued, and only Stevenson knew till the last scene, he was to head their forces: Clark's wife and children, and two provincials, private men, composed the whole battalion. The 30th again of April was now appointed for the execution of their project; their rendezvous was, by eleven of the night, under a windmill, by the little river not far above the town. Our Major took occasion, through the day, to talk of pains, and heaviness, and twenty ailments, and as the night came on, seemed very drowsy. With great precaution he had taken his leave of Stevenson the day before, with strict injunctions not to fail the time and place appointed, on the success of which depended all their hopes of liberty. As eight, his usual time of rest, approached, he told the family he hoped a good night's rest would ease him of his ailments, and hoped that he should find it

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by to-morrow, and bid them all a bon repose, which kindly was returned by the whole house, and up he went to bed; here as he stripped, he dressed in his new uniform; a pair of trowsers first, above his breeches; the sandals to his feet such as the rabble wear, a coarse brown jacket, with many a thrum hung waving down like tassels; a silken handkerchief about his neck; then on his head he placed a strong, thick worsted wig; no smart toupet or feathered top was there, with many a buckle in't, but alamode, and neither combed nor powdered, and over that a cap, suitable; the whole as coarse as even meanest sailor wears upon the river Lawrence, and all in taste. Then soft he lays him down to rest, though not to sleep, for two long hours, indeed, before he left his kindly hostess' friendly roof. Many a doubt he solved within his mind, and many more contracted. Before the hour of ten, he steals up gently from the bed, and softly ope's the door, where he but stood to learn his next advance, and hears the family engaged in conversation, deep and loud, with many a "*oui, madame, et il, n'est, pas possible, Monsieur;*" but, however, he would not take their words, but is resolved to try, and first, having quietly shut the door behind him, softly downward moves upon the stair, with silent pace and trembling steps, until he reached the opposite back door, which opening easy, out he went, through the little garden, and

gladly overleaps the wall. No stranger to the road though long unused, away he strides, a poor mean boatsman, or some needy fisher. As soon as he had cleared the town, he mends his pace, and onward fares to find the mill, which presently is gained, to the great terror of his little party, who all were come with arms for each, and some to spare, and ammunition plenty, and provisions, but yet knew nothing of his coming, only Stevenson; nor knew they what to think, and straight imagined they were all discovered, but soon were reconciled when they found Major Stobo of their party, and bid him hearty welcome. The night was fair, short time the council sat or stood, but soon agreed that upward on this river was most likely where to find a vessel for their purpose. March was the word, off they filed in firm battalion, and upward moved on this small river's edge, with wishful search, almost two miles; at length a large canoe was found, made of the bark of no small birchen tree, and well finished; she seemed to be the size to carry them, but naught to spare; a gladsome sight. Then up she's easily lifted 'twixt their hands, and carried for the launch; and now she on the water swims, a trusty vessel, and light withal; then in they step and take their seats, the paddles were provided, St. George be foremost to stay all opposition, St. Andrew guard the rear from all pursuit, they said ;

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but no loud cheers to grace their setting off, or signal gun was fired to weigh.

The tide was turned, and with swift current downwards rolled the stream, all favorable; the paddles play with nimble hands, and all at work, away she flies; no need of boatswain or his surly mates, with sharp rattan, to keep them to their tasks, and see that all were busy. The town already stands astern; Point Levi seems to meet them; next advances Orleans Isle, and by the dawn of May the 1st, they'd left Quebec a goodly distance up the river; but now the advancing flood had met them, and the clear sighted day light made them court the mantle of the woods. In shore they row, and stepping on the beach, they jump for joy; but first they thank kind Heaven that they are got thus far. Provisions taken out, and arms, which loaded some; and then with tender care the rest do seize their slender frigate, up they lift her, and march into the woods to find some friendly thicket, where to shade them for the day.

There let them remain till we return and see how his kind hostess in the city fared. The hour of eight was come, and all was quiet in the apartment of their charge; they wait till nine: "run up and see if Monsieur was awake, and what he'll have for breakfast," the mother said. The daughter runs: first knocking gently at the door, and nothing

answering, then 'tis opened softly, and she ventures in—on this chair lies his coat, his hat on that, his shoes stand on the floor, his coat hangs on a pin ; then she concludes that he's gone backwards, and down she fares, and to the first she meets, "have you seen Monsieur come down this morning?" "No." They wait a little ; no Monsieur comes ; they look in the little house, there's nothing there ; "by Gar, Monsieur is not to be found." The house is in an uproar ; swift they fly to every corner ; no, it certainly is so. The poor man, distracted, tears his hair ; the mother cries ; the daughters run they know not where ; they're ruined quite. How could they face the Governor ; 'twas worse to hide it. So with their dismal tale away they fare. In evil plight they stand before him, sore threatened for their negligence, or worse, for favoring his escape ; right hard their innocence they plead. No time's to lose, he must be had again, the old reward by proclamations offered ; with greedy appetite they haste abroad, and busy feet ; there let them run, all search is vain, and thousands lose their labor—good bye, Quebec. Now for the thicket, where right quiet from without they lie, and some to watch by turns, though not so calm within, unused at first, but by experience taught to bear much greater hardships. With eager wish the night comes on, and toward the beach they move. Soon as the

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flowing tide had upward ceased to roll, they launch their feeble barque, in they set, all hands to work, and by the morning light had paddled many a mile; then to the woods again. This was their unremitted task for ten long days and dreary chilling nights, upon the water; and then had paddled down at least an hundred leagues, at least, of this long river, without great danger from the wave or shore, or any scathe from man. The Cudor* passed, and Camaraski Isles, and many more of lesser note, if they had names, in Lawrence river, here they've none. The river here grown wider, seems a Firth, and the mid-channel's deemed the safest course by night, as seen from neither shore. About the tenth or eleventh night, it's no great matter which, the case was hard, and neither warm nor dry: the day, as wont, had passed in covert, now at greater distance from the general rendezvous of Canada they dared to ramble in the woods, by day, in quest of game; the country, wide and desolate, afforded plenty, to save their salt provisions, or for variety. But with returning night, they put to sea, and keep the middle course, which, as they gained, the wind turned eastwardly, and up the river blowed, against the ebbing tide; the gale increased, with snow and

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*Probably the *Isle aux Coudres*.

sleet ; this never fails to raise a rippling sea, which begins to swell ; conscious of their danger, they begin to ply for land, and paddled here, with many a labored stroke ; the waves break in, her decks are not to stave, and now the water covers all her bottom ; and filling fast, all hands that paddled not, were set to bale. Their danger soon grew imminent, her yielding sides gave pregnant symptoms of her sure destruction, and now she rises on the lifted wave's proud summit ; supported on the middle as on a high crowned ridge, and both her ends were drooping, being deeply loaded fore and aft ; and then, anon, she's in the hollow 'twixt the waves, which raise her stem and stern, the middle sinking low, and her weak gunwales yielding outward from the pressure of her ends, which opens wide her waist, dismal to look at. Her back must surely break, was now become the general voice ; and therein lay the greatest danger. The storm abated nothing of its violence, in vain they toiled, and soon began to mix their work with prayers, and now had lost all hopes of land or life ; the Major, too, had laid his worst accounts, and all hands flagged at their posts. One half of this dismal night they labored hard in this distress, and might have paddled yet ; for some projected point of land, with rocks outlying in the stream, had such a violent current set in from the shore they sought, as rendered all efforts in vain

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to reach it. Now this was apprehended, and about they put, with little better hopes, or less apparent danger, and he's obliged to entreat them to renew their work, and work while any hopes were left, to gain the opposite shore; then swift the paddles go again, and o'er they pass the surging wave, which still breaks in, and still they bale and paddle on.

The tide of ebb being almost spent, the waves begin to fall, the wind to shift a little to the Northward, and the tempestuous sea soon to clear with such a piercing cold as froze their drenched clothes upon their backs. The new born hopes of life gave vigor to their fainting spirits, and hard they toiled, and by the morning reached the much desired shore. Worse case was needless, a sorry plight, indeed, for scarce a man could lift a leg, their frozen mail-coats rattled with the ice, and the poor frightened mother could scarcely be persuaded she yet was living, and her poor children, too, were almost dead. With much ado they got upon the beach, and straddled to the land, where wood being plenty, the sticks lay opportune; a rousing heap is gathered, the steel and flint are looked for, the tinder next is sought, but it was soaked with wet, and nothing dry was found. This balked all their growing hopes of success; at length the wife bethought her of her bosom, and there she searched within her stays, and found a rag was dry, by chance, and now the flint

is beaten by the steel, and forth the fire came; the wood is kindled, and they all lay round to thaw themselves; first having sent their grateful thanks to heaven. They now begin to talk of their great danger past, and happily escaped, and then what's for breakfast. This was the sorest trial they did, or well could meet with from the wave; and here a day or two was spent to recreate e'er they recovered right themselves again. 'This was not their abode, they must again to sea, and try once more, by their trusty *cortex*,* now grown dearer to them by her services. All things in order, with the twilight off they set; the night was quiet and favorable, and on they passed without disturbance, and with the morning light they spied a little bay, which seemed to court their entrance; right in they stood, and up they paddled to the top, and went ashore. The necessary orders for the day were issued, the two provincials, marksmen well experienced, now in the woods advanced to see what they could kill for dinner. Short while they're missed till they come running back, with rueful length of face, and with a sigh, "we've seen two Indians, nor are they far from hence;" and nothing more could say for

* "*Cortex*," Latin for the bark of a tree Their canoe was made of birch bark, and bark or barque is a name of a boat. So we have here a very far fetched pun, half hidden in Latin.

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want of breath. "Take time, my lads," then says their leader, "and tell me what the matter is, that makes you look thus frightened." Then they described the Indians at large, both armed with muskets and the implements of death, and carried nothing else. Straight it is resolved to see them, lest, peradventure, they might be scouts sent from a larger party, and returning, give the alarm; and in such case 'twas but a necessary prudence to cut them off. "To arms, my friends, and to the place," he said, "where these two Indians were, do you lead on who saw them;" all readily obeyed; the women, children and canoe were left; and now they're on their march, and as they passed along, he gave them strict in charge to see that well they stand by him, and firm to one another, and utter not a word, as English was their only language; and he, by signs, would give them all their motions. Right fair was promised, and now in sight beyond a little river, behold the Indians stand, dreading naught of enemies in this mountainous desert. This river must be crossed, and in they wade full mid-thigh deep; by dire mishap, one slipt his foot, and fell, his clothes and musket wet, bad omen this, portentous of ill success was deemed by some; but fortunately they're soon through, and onward move; the Major in the front, and singing as he went, some French cantata; and soon the Indians are joined;

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then straight in French he them salutes, and asks them of their cheer; and being close abreast, the fire-lock of the first he seized, and Stevenson soon had him by the neck. With little ceremony the rest the other seized, and then he let them know he bore a French commission, and clear instructions had to search these woods for English prisoners that had escaped from Quebec, and other foes to the great King, his master, and must be satisfied of what they were; then straight they told him they were guardians of the fire; and as a proof of what they said, they'd lead him where it was, and to their habitations. Fast collared both, in silent show to all the rest, they march along, directing to their wigwam a little hut they lived in, built much like the common soldier's tent, and covered over with bark of trees. This fire they protected, is for alarming Canada on any fleet's appearance, making for the river Lawrence; the first appearance is kindled at the river's mouth, when by the second that's beheld, it's lighted too, then follow all the rest at proper distances; and thus, in half a day at most, the news is carried to Quebec, 300 leagues; by night they blaze, and in the day they smoke. But now we're at the wigwam. And here was to be seen fine beaver skins and teal, and maple sugar, and twenty other curious things; no sooner seen, but Clark says, d——n my soul but I'll have this; d——n me, says

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another, but this is mine : and no sooner were the Indians confirmed in their mistake, but he whom Stevenson held, gave such a spring as carried him full four yards from his grips, and more, and sets up such a dreadful yell, so loud and shrill withal, as the high sonorous mountains echoed back far round. Condemned without dispute, and to prevent a repetition of such alarming noise, Stevenson has in charge to shoot him instantly, and anon he falls, and soon his comrade follows his example ; 'twas now become too dangerous to let them live, and all along they laid, but stript of what the others liked. The wigwam rifted, off they set, and every one had something curious, or useful ; and soon they reach their slightly guarded camp. The Major then began to think over his imprudence in leaving them unburied, and back he sends his holy convert, Clark, with him another, to lay them in the ground. Not far from where they lay, there stood a pool of water, black and deep, most like an ancient whirlpool of some angling river, whose sources now were dried, or which had changed its course ; first having carefully taken off their scalps, and then a heavy stone is fastened to the feet of each, in here they're shoved, and down they sink, and may be sinking yet. Back they return, and Clark, in his familiar droll way, and to prevent a reprimand he dreaded, that with cap in hand, accosts his leader, "Sir, ain't

like your noble honor, the business is done, you charged me with, that I've been there, let these bear witness," and out he pulls the scalps; "that they are buried, my neighbor here can testify, I believe they will not rise again in haste, if e'er they do. Now, good sir, by your permission, these same two scalps, when I come to New York, will sell for twenty-four good pounds; with this I'll be right merry, and my wife right beau." The Major was suspicious they might have left some marks of blood or violence, and back with them he runs, to satisfy himself. When they come to the place the Indians' poor faithful dog, before unnoticed, now sits howling o'er the pool, with a right doleful note; in pity to the poor dumb beast, he's killed, and with his master sleeps. The place all round surveyed, back they go, and now begin to think they'd better move the camp further from this field of slaughter. By this time a fleet of transports, with convoy from old France, were plying up the river for Quebec, and had already reached thus far, and now the rear were passing by this bay, one of which, so large a ship, they took her for the Commodore, and as the sailor's term is, was either taken all aback, or putting about, had missed her stays, and seemed to them as lying to, for she was fair in view; conscious of their situation, they immediately concluded she had seen their smoke, and sent her boat on shore to learn the

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meaning of it; out goes the fire, up with the barque and bag and baggage move into the woods, and downward on the river; and now the summit of a neck of land is gained, which rising in the river, forms on one side, and overlooks the bay; the road now downward lies, and easier travelling; at length again, with wearied steps, they reached the water's side, and here they do resolve to wait the night, and then proceed in their canoe. Scarce had they determined, but lo! a four oared boat is spied, come rowing for the shore, and ne'er a ship in view. "Courage, my lads, I hope, by your assistance, and God's blessing on our arms, this prize shall be our own, these men our prisoners, too, and they shall lessen your fatigue, and row for us; observe but what I order, and leave the rest to me," to which, they all consent; and now he is resolved to stand his ground, and wait the event, or death or conquest, and a better vessel. Their ground they choose just right ahead, where she was standing in, and close they laid amongst the rocks. Now briskly on, with quicker strokes, the rowers pulled in for the shore, just as the wearied traveller, with jaded pace, pursues his journey all the morning, and fit by this time through his horse to sink, but with noon day describes the Inn where he's to bait and refresh, and with the sight his spirits are revived; he gives his horse the spurs, reminds him with the whip, and

pushes on with quickened pace, till he arrives ; and thus she presently runs bump upon the beach. The signal given, a volley went amongst the crew, and two were slightly wounded. Quarters they cried at once ; the Major and his party rushed down from the rocks, and stand upon the beach, and straight they're ordered out, unarmed, in number five ; a reverend old gentleman, who sat to steer, when he came out with graceful bow and great submission, desired to know whose prisoner he was ; to this the Major answered in French, " we are British subjects, and by the fortune of the war, which now does rage betwixt that country's mighty King and France. We have been prisoners in Canada, but by a lucky chance, we have escaped the vigilance of our enemies, and here you see us, and we're determined, at the utmost hazard of our lives, to get away ; and since it has been your fortune to fall into our hands, you're now our prisoners, and your men and shallop shall be of service to effectuate our escape ;" to which the old gentleman replied, " Monsieur, I've been a great way down this mighty river, to purchase wheat at a great expense and toil, for all the wheat above is carried to Quebec to store the Magazine, and am returning home, my shallop loaded as you see ; I am Monsieur Chev. la. Darante ; the whole Camaraski Isles are mine, and the best gentleman on them does me vassalage ; the best Canadian

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blood runs in my veins, nor does the mighty Duc de Mirepoix deny me of his kindred, and several more nobility of France; besides, I am old and feeble, therefore I think such a gentleman as I may be excused the duty to row his enemies:” to which, in short, our hero answered: “Monsieur, you know self preservation is the first law of nature; *la fortune de guerre* has put you in our hands, and luckily, I hope, for us; and were you, Monsieur, the great French King himself, and every man standing there a peer of his realm, depend upon it, ’twould be your fates to row a British subject now.” At these last mighty words, stern resolution sat upon his countenance, which the Canadian beheld, and with reluctance temporized. The shallop is too deep for expedition, and so much of the wheat is cast into the river to lighten her, but nothing more than is barely necessary; and now well stowed and trimmed, in get all hands, and with departing day leave the beach, but loath to leave their favorite canoe; see her now hanging at the stern in tow. Thus doubly manned, they can relieve the oars and attend the sail, which now is likewise set, and then away they fly with double speed, and La Darante, too, is glad to take his spell to help them on. But now the poor canoe must go adrift, for she but stops the shallop’s way, and off she’s cut; “fare thee well, small bark,” he says, “and may the birchen trees forever flourish;

many a league thou'st brought us, thanks even to the hands, whose e'er they were, that stript thee from the tree, and fashioned such a vessel to favor our escape; but, above all, great praise to Thee, first unoriginated source of all created beings in heaven or on earth, whose universal influence and power infinite made all things, and caused that very tree to grow for our relief, for thy benevolence to mankind never ceases:" and now the oars are plied, and the kind favorable breeze is constant to the sail, and by the morning they had made a good night's work. To haunt the woods by day had now become useless; their shallop could not leave the river, nor cared he much to trust his prisoners ashore; so on they steer. A fresh set to the oars by turns, their labor mitigates, and now the sun had reached the height of his meridian altitude, and downward moves; and then a distant point of land's ahead, whose height with shaggy top cuts off their view below. Their constant labor, and the favorable breeze, at length brings up this land, which, when abreast, discloses to the view a lofty frigate, which had been convoy to the fleet of transports under the command of Monsieur Channon; her charge was gone before, and following she was turning up the river. This sudden and dreadful apparition gave no small alarm, but faithful it's resolved, since stand to fight they could not, to run

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while they could swim. The Major then, well armed, and resolutely bent on his escape, down by the tiller sets, and with a sacred oath declares that the first man who offered anything to stop the shallop's way, by slighting of his oar, or otherwise, that instant he should die ; and ordered them to pull with vigor, and well to spread the sail : so, as the frigate stood across the river, at a distance they passed by her stern. The usual signal to bring to was fired, they paid it no respect ; a second followed with the same whizzing noises ; the third, a shot came whizzing o'er their heads ; and then she fired shot after shot, as long as they could reach the shallop ; and now the balls would cool their fiery indignation in the briny wave, and rise again and o'er them fly ; and some would pass ahead and some astern, and some, at length, fall short ; but, by kind Providence, not one could hit them. And thus, at length, they lose her out of sight, nor sorry at their loss, but on they steer, rejoicing at their lucky escape ; nor durst they slack their pace that night, but flew along, and by the morning light were distant from her many a mile. But often as they passed along, Monsieur Chev. la Darante would remonstrate on the hardships that he suffered, not only from the affront that's offered to an officer of his rank, but being thus detained, and taken back to Louisburg, for aught that he could see, besides the

losing of his wheat. "*Il est fortune de guerre, Monsieur,*" was the height of his redress. At last they've run down many a league, and many a point of land is past, and many a shaggy-topped mountain, with many a little island, and several days were gone, and not a sail was met. It happened as they sailed along in shore, they spy'd a boat was lying on the beach, and toward the shore they stand, and run the shallop close aground. When they got to her, she had n'er an oar. "Look well about, my friends, they're not far off; and now they beat about each bush, and presently they're found. Monsieur Darante's looks expressed his joy at this glad sight, and hoped they'd now let him depart, to whom the Major answered thus: "Monsieur Chev. la Darante, our most gracious Sovereign has taught us by his great example, (for we serve the best of Kings,) to show humanity on all occasions, even to his enemies, and greatly he delights this to exercise, amongst his many other virtues; and now behold his clemency in us his subjects, even in this our desperate fortune. Do you engage upon your high born honor that you shall not divulge, by means direct or indirect, to any soul on earth what brought you back thus far till you shall reach the Camaraski Isles; then, if you choose it, tell all Canada; and do you undertake the same for these, your servants? This it is that hinders your departure." O'er joyed to find that he

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shall get home, he readily complied. "Then, Monsieur, your mast and sail are ours; you know our case is desperate; I'll pay you for them. And yet, behold the justice of our British Monarch; here, too, is money for your wheat, which was cast into the river. Go tell all Canada how good he is. Yet one small favor I must ask before you go; I know you'll soon be at Quebec when you get home; when you get there, pray wait on the Commandant with Monsieur Stobo's compliments, and let him know you saw him thus far on Lawrence river very safe." This, too, was understood, and both religiously performed. All things in readiness, the crews are parted, and now the boats are both afloat; and compliments exchanged, and stern to stern from each other row, and presently lose sight; and all the night they jog along with easy sail, the weather moderate. But with the morning they espy'd land just opened, and a sloop at anchor, riding under a point of land, and her long pendant waving in the wind. No sooner they're seen, but straight the signal's fired, to bring to; to press their hands it's likely, but to they would not come; then she let fly a swivel, loaded with grape, and after that another, and riddled all their sail, but no more damage did; and on they sailing, row'd and pushed it all that day and next, but on the next to that they're not so fortunate. It was toward the evening, the sky began

to lower, the wind to rise, and here's a cobbling sea ; but still they keep their course, till it at last turns dangerous to keep out, and it is deemed best to run her in ashore ; then ease away the sail, the helm aweather, brings her large before the wind. It now was dark, and hard it blow'd, and there's a mighty surf upon the shore ; but there's no choice, the coast is all alike, and in they let her drive, and close in shore she runs upon a rock, which bulged her bows open at once, and in the water gushed ; the waves break over her, anon she's filled ; all hands jump out, take with them what they could, and seek their safety from the shore. Right luckily for them they were so near, and yet with much difficulty they gained the land, all soaked, and some provisions lost ; but for the boat there's no relief, for the hard hearted surf and harder rocks demolished her betwixt them. And now they've lost all hopes of ever seeing her again. The night I wot, with little mirth was passed, and by the morning light the wind was shifted, and the surf was laid. While yet the day was young, a council's called to see what's to be done in this emergency ; and there, with much debate and reason strong, it is found impossible every other method to get away but by this river. Then it's resolved to haul their wreck ashore, and the ship carpenter, with all his crew, shall fall to work upon the ruins, and be endeavoring

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at least to make her swim, if nothing better offers in the interim. And then they march all hands down to their shattered vessel, where the tide had left her; and here's too many leaks to think there's water in her; now they pull and haul, and lift her o'er the stones, and all in sweat they drag her to the shore; and now she's on the stocks, and all at work, some here, some there, to find materials to patch her up; the lucky man could find a nail or bring a piece of board, tho' not a foot in length. And now the coast being clear, they're everywhere with wishful search and watchful eye, to see what they can find, both far and near. Few tools, indeed, and these are very bad; right slowly comes on the work; with all this inconvenience hindered, some days already spent in this successless labor, and their provisions, too, grow short. At length, with numberless difficulties, the timbers all again are covered, and then she's ready for the pitch and caulkers; both pitch and oakum very scarce, and what they had was scraped, with careful hands, from off the sticks they found upon the beach; some spared a handkerchief, some a stocking, all what they could, to tear for oakum, and the coarse seams are in a homely manner stuffed.

Full eight days here had passed to little purpose, and short allowance makes them hasten for the launch of their frail cutter; and on the very day

agreed on for that purpose, whilst yet the sun was hanging on the west, and more than half his downward course had run, two sails are standing down the river, and edging tow'rd the shore; they let their anchors go right off the place where our frail vessel sat upon the stocks. Their first appearance startled all the host, anon the labor ceases, and on the ground they all lay snug; now all the sails are pulled down, and they're prepared to ride out the flood tide.

Fired with ambition for some venturous enterprise, our hero's heart expands itself, and grows so big his breast can scarce contain it, and boldly thus he reasons with himself: here we are reduced to the last want of bread, this boat which we have patched with so much care, without provisions can avail us nothing, nor can we hope for a relief within this hostile soil, on any other terms than abject slavery; too much of that I have already seen: come rather death; well may I then pronounce our fortune's desperate, and this despair has often made the coward brave, and of that bravery, noble deeds have been achieved. Assist me, then, thou mother of invention, no matter how 'tis done, if I do but succeed; here are two vessels, and both our enemy's, I may presume, and by their distance, one may be attacked; nor, by their mean appearance should I think them freight with men or arms; more like

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some country vessel, and so I'll wish, and hope, and act; and now could I divide the force of either vessel, and calmly, under cloud of night, steal on her by surprize; then might I hope success; the very thought elates my soul—by Jove she's mine; this next us is the smallest of the two, on her the project shall immediately be tried.

And now he calls a council, and communicates his mind; all hear with wonder, at the greatness of his soul, and promise to assist him with their lives and fortunes; and then they are ordered not to rise nor stir, but to keep close upon the ground, till he should give the signal they agreed on; then a long, straight stick is cut from out the bush, to which, at top, he fastens a white handkerchief, and ensign like he marches to the water's edge, his musket in his other hand, and then he fires his signal gun, and bears his ensign waving to the wind. The sun was setting, and anon he's from the sloop beheld, they wonder what it means, and straight the boat's put over the side, and two men and a boy come rowing for the shore, where he stands ready to receive them; when they come near, they keep at bay, and ask him what he wants; his tale was not to seek, he is a Frenchman, and necessarily had been here on the King's errand, and now he wants his passage down the river, for which he willingly would pay; he saw their course was that way bent, and thought they'd

not refuse him. He luckily had spent that afternoon in shooting in these parts, which brought them to his sight. The night was cold, and he had rum, left in a bottle, almost full, upon the shore, which they were welcome to if they would fetch it; and then they might return and tell their master what he wanted; then straight they rowed in shore to get the rum, and hauled the boat up from the flood, till they came running back, and all together on they fare.

No sooner had they reached the land, but lo! they're seized by violent hands, and bound; then he declares they're in their enemy's hands, for all they saw are subjects of Great Britain's King, and that it was the duty of all his subjects, in time of war, to kill his enemies wherever they are found, and such they surely are; and straight the tomahawk is shown them, and death, without remedy, to be their portion. Look here my lads, you yet may live, but nothing can save your lives, except you faithfully declare what hands you left on board, and what their arms. Life's surely very sweet when death's before our eyes, they soon consent; then they're examined separately, and both agree; the boy, too, willing to redeem his youthful days, assents to pilot them on board, which was well judged that his known voice, if there was need, might answer any questions put, when they should come along side.

The mantle of the night had wrapped all up in

silence from the sloop, and now the men are bound, each to a tree, their arms, behind, surrounding it, the feeble woman, only, with a tomahawk, is left to be their guard. Their patched up vessel, next, is taken from the stocks and launched, the other was thought too small to carry the six; and now she swims; she's very leaky, but only two must row, and there's two hands to bale, and they had full employ; so off they go, and rowing softly on with silent stroke, come along side the sloop. A light there's in the binnacle, but ne'er a watch on deck; they're all hands down; the sloop rode fair, her buoy was clear ahead, the weather moderate, and some turn in to sleep, for yet 'twas not half flood; the rest, at ease, enjoy themselves below. Our hero first gets up the side, and as he softly step'd upon the deck, the trusty pistol, which in his belt was stuck, catches the ratlins of the shrouds, which pulls it out, and it comes rattle on the deck; this gave the alarm, but woe to him who first came up; so soon as he had shown his face at the companion door, and bounding up, so soon the Major let fly a shot in this surprise, and down the fellow tumbled; the shot had hit him right along the back, and grazed the bone, but he's not killed; but quarters was the word, and now the rest are all upon the deck. The prisoners, he orders, one by one, down to the hold, the Master only left, and close he locks

the hatches, and then he questions him from whence and where he's bound, to which he answers freely : " That schooner there above is my consort, and we " are bound to Gaspee, to bring provisions for three " hundred Indians now assembled at Miramichi and " Aristigush, under the command of Monsieur " Bohaber, and who on our return are to proceed to " Quebec, to reinforce that garrison." His very soul is all on fire at the news, and thus his heart o'erflows : " Oh ! Britannia, thou favored Isle, among the nations all around thee ; and how much preferable, blest seat of liberty, how do my bowels yearn to do thee service ; now could I but prevent these savages their support, they can never reach Quebec. I said in my calamitous distress, were I but free at will to work, I certainly would serve thee ; and now I'll do my best to cut three hundred Indians from the number of thy foes. "

Thus said, the Master is examined strict about the schooner's force of men and arms ; ten men she had, but ne'er a gun on carriage or on swivel ; of this last sort, the sloop had six, which carefully all are on one side placed ; the windlass next is manned, the anchor's soon apeak, and now she's under weigh, and for the schooner steer'd. " Stand firm, my lads," he says, " this is a glorious night ; and as for you, Monsieur, if you should once but mutter, your life that moment, shall surely pay the cost ; '

and presently she lays along her side; and straight a dose from all the swivels is poured into her at once; thus instantly they out for quarters called, and she as fast is boarded; and now he stands at her companion door, with musket ready cock'd, and boldly orders the prisoners by ones, and that goes down into the hold, till all are stowed away. Then every thing that's valuable in the sloop must out be brought; the swivels first are to the schooner's quarters fixed with care, and every thing they liked transferred to her; and now, as hands were scarce, and few enough, God knows, to manage one, the sloop must burn; for both they could not keep; and now she's all on fire. By this the eastern ray began to drive old chaos off that hemisphere, who, conscious of his own demerit, when opposed to light, right silently retires towards the West, till he's entirely expelled. Adventurous night! and happily accomplished.

But now for the poor woman; who, tremblingly stood with watchful observation, and when the broadside's heard, the noise went to her heart like death's last summons, and she's confirmed all, to a man, are killed; it must be at them fired, for they had none to give; and now in her own mind revolves what's best for her to do; and thought on terms of capitulation with her two prisoners, to save her own and children's lives; when presently

she sees a smoke arise, and thinks their own ship surely they would never burn, and keeps her counsel yet a little longer, and thus the lurid flames burst out, and now she hopes for better things.

The morning's come, the woman must be sent for, the children and the prisoners, too, and how must this be done? Two of his own, for courage best approved, well armed, are to command the expedition; two prisoners are ordered up to row, and for the shore they ply, and safely all on board they bring. And now the hatches bar'd on eighteen prisoners at once, too many, sure, to put to sea withal, therefore, the council's on the quarter call'd, and he proposed to part the prisoners, and load the long boat and send them off; it's readily agreed, and they are ordered up by ones, and take their seats, till eight are in; she would not well hold more; provisions next are given them, and the bottle of rum which was promised on the shore; a musket, too, with powder and shot, and fishing lines; advising them to make their way for home, which they engaged, and off she goes.

Some prisoners, of those remained, are ordered up to help to work the ship; and now the topsail's loose, the anchor's at the bows, then all her sails are spread; with gladsome hearts they show them to the winds, and through the rolling waves away she sails. The boat, as soon as out of sight, makes

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for the shore, and straightway they repair, where a small party occupied a post, not far from thence, and they inform the officer on duty how it befel them. By this, the hue and cry for Monsieur Stobo's head reached thus far. The officer, with great desire to gain the prize, musters every man that can be spared; a vessel straight is armed, and for 6,000 livres eagerly did she steer; she might as well have staid, for they're too far ahead. With steady care, and all the sail that they could show, for several days they keep their course; and then the Island of St. John from the ocean lifts its head to view. Betwixt this Island and the main is thought the safest course, and in they stand and scud along, but little knew by this, they missed the English fleet, which now had sailed and passed without the Island; the armed sloop that pursued had not their good luck, for she was taken; and now behold the land of Cape Breton, and then the welcome port of Louisburg is gained in eight and thirty days from Quebec. No worse befel the man who says he suffered not.

No sooner is he landed, than straight the news run through the town that Captain Stobo has escaped from Quebec, and is just arrived, but it's believed by none, and several run to see if such a thing could happen; and some who had formerly known him, assure the rest that he's the very man, to their great wonder and amaze, after such a great price

was set upon his head, and guarded with such care. But now the schooner's to be sold, and she had furs and sundry other valuable goods, besides the vessel; his share he generously bestowed on the poor woman and children, as he has nobler gains in view; his heart still glows for honor in the service of his country.

Two days or so were past, and then a vessel's ready to proceed to Quebec; this wished for opportunity is embraced at once, and he's on board; and now, with equal ardor, wishes for the place he strove so hard to shun. No danger on the river now is dreaded, nor yet the light of day, and naught disturbs his rest but thinking on the tedious hours that keep him from his duty, and hinder him to join his troops; with their united force to take Quebec, and strive to join all Canada to Britain. At length the different Islands take it in their turn to stand astern, and every land-mark's past, and now fair Orleans is again in view, and with Britannia's lofty fleet adorn'd; a cheerful sight, indeed. Now here no time was lost till he has waited on Britannia's effective General, immortal Wolfe, and thus addresses him:

“Most excellent sir, I am glad this honor falls to
“me, to stand before my Sovereign's mighty
“General, under the hostile walls of this proud city,
“whence, on the 1st of May, I did escape from

"long imprisonment and harder usage. My name
"is Stobo; I stand as Major of the Provincial Re-
"giment of Virginia; through much difficulty I
"went to Louisburg, there to join your troops, but
"missing them, I hasted back, and now presume to
"lay my service at your feet. I believe who knows
"what I have suffered within these walls, scarce well
"can doubt my best endeavors, under your direction,
"to distress this cruel enemy. My knowledge of
"the town and its environs has cost me very dear,
"but not so much that I should rate it once in com-
"petition with my much loved country, and our
"gracious sovereign."

No more he said, nor needed, his story was no secret, he's judged necessary, well received, and constantly attends the General, and of his house makes one. But here his name, like many a gallant soldier's, is hid in the great splendor of the mighty Wolfe, who, like the sun with universal blaze advancing from the East, absorbs the light of all the lesser luminaries, who, though they shine, it is in his great orb, and only serve to constitute one single ray of his triumphant glory: the praise was justly his.

Now from the head quarters daily out he sets on this bright General's behests, nor once, I believe, has his great patron without him reconnoitered, and once he scaped a scouring at this business, 'twas at

the Falls of the Montmorenci, when General Wolfe caused to run a transport near as the high flood could bring her, where, to behold the batteries and breast-works of the enemy, lo! he stands upon her quarter, just before the muzzles of their cannon, and with this Major by his side. Amongst the crowd of balls came thundering at them, one hits the ship upon the gun-wale, not far from where they stand, and raised a massy splint of wood, which hit the Major right across his thighs; a little more had cost him both his legs; it left its vestige black for many a day.

This reconnoitering ended, the transport's left so high aground, it's thought she won't get off, and she's immediately condemned to burn. And now he scours the woods in his green dress, with bonnet blue, to lead each reconnoitering or scouring party, or on the river flies, as his commands direct; and he's known by every boat. The frigates passed the town, then he's above, and up he goes to take his fair acquaintances up the river, of whom a goodly number is seized; then Monsieur Stobo's name is all that's heard for half an hour at least; this lady enters her complaint, and that cries out she's wronged; another stript of something; too much of this was true, and all at once send up their frightened cries to him, with such a peal, he knows not what to do, or where to answer first, they're all so vehe-

mently loud ; but all at length he pacifies, and straight they're carried down the river, and well accommodated on ship board.* Some days thereafter his business led him to call upon the Admiral-in-Chief; it was about the hour of dinner ; the business ended, the Admiral told him Monsieur ——— was come from Quebec, on messages of truce about the ladies, and was then in the cabin, and to stay dinner ; and if Major Stobo had no objection to such a guest, his company at table would likewise do him pleasure, but could not urge him to sit with such a messmate ; to whom the Major answered, if he would excuse his present deshabelle, he 'd do himself the favor that was meant him at his table ; the place was sacred to

* Extract from the journal of Captain Jno. Knoxe, of the British army, during the campaigns of 1757, 1758, 1759 and 1760, in North America.

Under date of August 26th, 1759, he says :

“ A gentleman at Quebec has written to a Provincial Officer,* “ who was a prisoner there, to request he would obtain a protection from the General for his country seat on the Island of “ Orleans ; as that person was always remarkable for great humanity and politeness to British captives, his suit is cheerfully “ granted.”

* Here this note is appended by Captain Knoxe :

“ This is Mr. Stobo, an officer of great merit, who had been an “ occasional Major of the Provincials, and for particular good services, was rewarded with a company in the fifteenth regiment of “ foot.”

the best of manners. This gentleman was one of his impartial judges, and had been active to insult him in his misery, and load him with disgrace. The dinner is on the table, they all fall on; ill went the victuals down with Major Stobo, and every mouthful offered fair to choke him, nor yet the glass could cheer. The dinner ended, he begged the Admiral would excuse; his business called him, and he could not stay; the Admiral saw well his hurry, nor offered to detain him; but well it is believed when he and Monsieur meet again, be where it will, both will not come off so well. Soon after this, on board the 2d Admiral, as he went, he is informed a prisoner's there who knows him, and he's brought up, and behold, a barber of the town, who used to dress his hair, and had been taken, homeward bound, from a 6,000 livres' expedition; and now he asks the prisoner if he will serve him for yearly wages, to which he readily consents; then of the Admiral he's asked, who soon complied; and thus his foe is now become his own domestic servant.

The Major's service at Quebec was all obedience to command, and information, to his great patron, best, and almost only known; he pointed out the place to land, where afterwards they did, and were successful; and having contributed all that's in his power to this great work, the General wants a courier to dispatch for General Amherst, and he's

the only one that's found that knows the route by which they needs must pass, and straight his business is imparted, and he has leave to go. Kind recommending letters, too, he bore from his great Patron, to the other General. Now from his worthy noble Patron he must separate, and separate from his fortune, too ; for sure as he had faced the enemy in field of battle, so sure he'd fallen, as known by sight, to every common soldier in Quebec.

And now he's on a vessel bound to Boston, crowding down the river Lawrence, and after several days, they've cleared the gulf, and standing on their course, when lo ! a privateer is seen, and toward them she crowds ; then straight all hands at quarters stand, and he was in a common sailor's jacket hid, and at his post ; but e'er the privateer came up, he faithfully conveys his letters o'er the side, and down they sink to a right trusty secretary's bosom, where, we may venture to affirm, they yet remain. And now the enemy proclaim their errand by a gun ; a second says, they will not be denied, and soon the English haul their colors down, which when the Major saw, he straight bethought himself of his Canadian valet, and die he must his own life to secure ; and now his piece is cock'd, the fellow's on his knees, and well we may aver, he never prayed with greater fervor, when he invoked the saints, than now he does, to spare his life ; all that

could be said or sworn, he thunders out with great devotion, that neither slavery, nor pain, nor rank, nor torture, nor death, nor dread of hell itself, should ever make him betray his kind, good master, would he but save his life. Self-preservation yielded to humanity, he bravely puts his life into this fellow's hands rather than take his away, though every law of prudence would have justified it; and now they're boarded. The lucky privateer had taken several English vessels, and had more prisoners than they could well secure, and straight the last taken crew with several others, were packed into a sloop. Among the rest, the Major marches undiscerned, but strict they do confine his servant for a French deserter. Now only guess the situation of the Major's mind, for back he must not look, but was informed, by those who saw, the fellow cried most bitterly at parting with his generous master. One day's provision only they could spare them, to find the port of Halifax, nor got they there before the fourth; upon an equal dividend three biscuits were the Major's share, and only water more. No sooner Halifax is gained, but straight he flies for General Amherst, 'cross the country, many a league, and soon imparts to him what had befel, and what had, to his memory, been entrusted. And now attends that General, as a volunteer, on his Lake Champlain expedition, and there he finished the campaign;

which ended, he begs leave to go to Williamsburgh, Virginia's Capital, and thither straight repairs. No sooner he is seen in town, but presently the Assembly's Committee convene, and soon resolve that Mr. Robert Stobo be presented with their warmest thanks, as of the whole Assembly of Virginia, for his known firm attachment to the interests of their Colony, and his unshaken zeal for Britain, and her mighty Sovereign, and for his greater sufferings for their sakes ; and this their thanks be by their Speaker signed, and be presented to the Major where he lodged, and that without the loss of time. And then at greater leisure, they determine that his arrears, as Major of their regiment, be forthwith issued, from the day he ranked as such up to the present.

This was not all ; his wages was his due ; they thought their empty thanks a poor reward for such brave services ; and straight they order that one thousand pounds be given him in a present, as a mark of their esteem for what he has done ; and then they offer him whatever post of profit or of honor within this colony, that should fall vacant, less than the government itself, of which he should think well to accept, and yet express their great concern that they had naught to offer such as he deserved. And then they summed up all, with their last effort to oblige him, by tendering him a twelve months' leave, as Major of his regiment, with his full pay, if

he should choose to come to England, and where they hoped their little chieftain would meet with something to his deserts.

Thus highly honored of his Virginia friends, his furlough does commence from the 1st of February, 1760, and on the 18th he embarked for England, on board the packet from New York, with Colonel West and several other gentlemen, the same way bound. Kind letters, and suited to his services, with him he carried from Generals Amherst and Monkton too, and several more; and now he sweeps the watery element for England. The Western Ocean crossed, the soundings of the English Channel's found, when lo! a sail is spy'd, and bearing down upon them, makes all hands stand aghast; her colors white soon what she is declares. Then over the packet, the Major, too, sends down his recommending letters to the deep, himself concealed in a disguise; and carelessly he casts his scarlet frock down somewhere in the cabin, which Monsieur, if he claims, is welcome to. All was prepared, but not to fight, for yet we hear of no resistance which they made; and now the privateer's along side, and they are boarded; the vessel rummaged, nothing in her's found but passengers; a few gold watches the Frenchmen had a fancy for, and they are seized *sans ceremonie*, and what besides they liked; but had they taken all the baggage, the ransom would have

been small. And now they talk of terms or go to France ; go as it will, they must pay for it, and of two evils, surely best's the least. Five and twenty hundred pound's agreed on for their liberty to go for England, of which the Major is assessed one hundred and twenty-five for his proportion, and twice that sum had not excused him, had they but known his name ; and for the faithful payment of this ransom, a subject is delivered to the privateer ; and now again the packet's under weigh, and stands upon her course with all the sail she could, and now they make the land, and by and by they see the port of Falmouth, and then all hands prepare to come ashore ; the Major now again draws to his coat, Monsieur had left him, and in the pocket under the arm-pit, to his great surprise, he finds a letter, which by accident had missed the general catastrophe, for he'd forgot it ; this was addressed from General Monkton to Mr. Pitt, and now is all he has to show ; but the General and Admiral's there in England, and other officers of note, who had been at Quebec ; by their report, ere he arrived, had rendered its utility of little purpose. But now ashore, to Falmouth, and then for London, by quick and sure progression, and scarce a town is passed upon the road where the French prisoners were quartered, but some knew Monsieur Stobo, and all pretend great joy to see him. But welcome to

London, on the 22d of March, where he resides, till he's refreshed, and forgot his toils; and now's the season for the field again, and here he must not stay.

A short memorial is made, a modest narrative of what he'd done and suffered, and begged his honor's intercession with his Sovereign to honor him with a command, even of a company, in his country's service, where they thought best, and that he might not lose an hour of the campaign, which now's at hand. With this and General Monkton's letter, he then proceeds to our great patriot Minister, patron of all true merit, who generously received him, as a brave soldier of fortune, and told him first that he had heard his story, and with him held some conference about our nation's North domain affairs; then gives him a gracious assurance of his service for him, and he's dismissed. Few days, indeed, were passed before there is a letter for him at his lodgings, inclosing one from Mr. Pitt to General Amherst, with his own hand wrote, and arms affixed, but open left, that he might see what he's to carry. In which kind letter, after he has signified to General Amherst his Majesty's most gracious approbation of what the Major sought, he adds in words like these: "As I have taken a great share in the general attention that is paid here to this officer's merit, his sufferings, and his zeal for his Majesty's Government, I shall esteem it as a particular favor if you will honor him with a

command of a company in the army under your command; and I understand an opportunity will soon offer itself, either in your own or Anstruther's regiment, &c., &c. I am with great truth, &c., &c., &c."

This was his leave for North America again, where it is thought best to send him. Two days, not more are passed, till he's for Falmouth post, and sailed the 24th of April in the same packet for New York, 1760.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

A B S T R A C T S
FROM THE
JOURNALS OF THE HOUSE OF BURGESSES,
IN VIRGINIA.

FRIDAY, August 30, 1754.

Upon a motion made :

Ordered that the thanks of this House be given to Colonel George Washington, Captain Mackey, of his Majesty's Independent Company, and the officers under his command : Major Adam Stephens, Capt. Robert Stobo, Peter Hog, Andrew Lewis, George Mercer ; Lieutenants Thomas Wagner, William Polson, John Savage, James Towers ; Ensigns Wm. Bronough, John Mercer, William Peyrounny and James Craig, for their gallant and brave behaviour in the defence of their country ; and the Speaker be desired to write to Colonel Washington, to acquaint him of the same, to desire him to inform the gentlemen of it, and to communicate to the soldiers the just sense this House has of their bravery also.

FRIDAY, October 25th, 1754.

Upon a motion made :

Resolved, That an humble address be presented to his honor, the Governor, to express our approbation of the conduct and gallant behaviour of the several officers of the Virginia forces, except George Muse, late Lieutenant Colonel, and Jacob Van Braam, late Captain;* and to desire his honor to recommend them in a particular manner to his Majesty's favor ; and that at the same time he acquaint his honor, that it is the opinion of this House, that nothing will contribute so much to the success of the expedition against the invaders of his Majesty's dominions, as a proper encouragement to such of the inhabitants as shall be inclined to serve in his

* My friend Lyman C. Draper, in an article in vol. 1 of the *Olden Time*, labored with a zeal creditable to his feelings, and with all that ability which he possesses, to exculpate Van Braam. I fear his task is a hopeless one. He relies much upon Burke's *History of Virginia*, (poor authority,) and upon the expression, "*we*" and "*us*," in Stobo's two letters. These, he supposes, refer to Stobo and Van Braam, and Burke says they escaped together from Quebec ; but Van Braam's name is never mentioned by Stobo. Besides Lieut. Lyons, who was sent to Fort Du Quesne with a flag of truce, reported that on the day he left that fort, [20th September, 1754,] Stobo was sent to Montreal, but said nothing about Van Braam. The mistranslation of the word "*assassine*," in the articles of capitulation at Fort Necessity, the vote of the Virginia Assembly, the subsequent silence of Van Braam, and his never reappearing in the colonies, leave little ground to believe him to have been a true man.—N. B. C.

Majesty's army in the present expedition, and that Mr. Charles Carter, Mr. Landon Carter, Mr. Fitzhugh, and Mr. Randolph, do wait on his honor with the said address.

By the House of Burgesses.

TUESDAY, Oct. 29, 1754.

Mr. Charles Carter reported the Governor's answer to the address. "That he was pleased that the sentiments of this House concurred with his own; that he had already made a representation to his Majesty in their favor, and would take care to renew it."

FRIDAY, April 30th, 1756.

Resolved, That the sum of three hundred pounds be paid to Captain Robert Stobo, in consideration of his services to the country, and his sufferings in his confinement, as a hostage, in Quebec.

MONDAY, November 19th, 1759.

A message from the Governor was delivered by Mr. Walthoe :

Mr. SPEAKER,

The Governor has commanded me to lay before the House a letter his honor has just received from his excellency, General Amherst, in favor of Capt. Stobo, by whom it was sent, which, with that gentleman's singular sufferings, he recommends to the immediate consideration of this House.

The House immediately proceeded to the consideration of the said letter, and the same being read :
Upon motion, it was

Resolved, That the sum of one thousand pounds be paid, by the Treasurer of this Colony, to Captain Robert Stobo, over and above the pay that is due to him from the time of his rendering himself a hostage, to this day, as a reward for his zeal to his country, and the recompense for the great hardships he has suffered, during his confinement in the enemy's country.

Ordered that the same resolve be engrossed, and that Mr. Bland do carry it up to the Council for their concurrence.

Upon a motion made :

Resolved, That an humble address be made to his honor, the Governor, to desire that he will be pleased to take Captain Stobo into his special care and favor, and promote him in the service of this Colony ; and that Mr. Richard Henry Lee do wait on his honor with the said address.

Upon a motion made :

Resolved, That the thanks of this House be given to Mr. Robert Stobo, for his steady and inviolable attachment to the interest of this country ; for his singular bravery and courage exerted on all occasions during this present war, and for the magnanimity

with which he has supported himself during his confinement in Canada; and that he be congratulated in the name of this House, on his safe and happy return to this Colony; and that Mr. Nicholas, Mr. Bland, and Mr. Washington, do wait on him for that purpose.

By the House of Burgesses.

C. WYTHE, C. H. B.

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APPENDIX A.

The following is the English translation of the Articles as published by the French Government in the memoir justifying its conduct.

In a publication of these articles made in this country from a copy retained by Washington, no such preamble or introduction appears, article first being the beginning.

In Washington's copy, at the end of the Sixth Article, the words "*pendant une annee a compter de ce jour,*" mean, "during one year, counting from this day," appear.

How these discrepancies arose, it would be useless now to inquire.

Capitulation granted by M. de Villiers, Captain and Commander of his Majesty's troops, to those English troops actually in Fort Necessity.

JULY THE 3d, 1754, at 8 o'clock at night.

As our intentions have never been to trouble the peace and good harmony subsisting between the two Princes in amity, but only to revenge the assassination, committed on one of our officers, bearer of a summon, as also on his escort, and to

hinder any establishment on the lands of the dominions of the King my master, upon these considerations, we are willing to show favor to all the English who are in the said Fort, on the following conditions :

ARTICLE I.

We grant leave to the English Commander to retire with all his garrison, and to return peaceably into his own country; and promise to hinder his receiving any insult from us French; and to restrain, as much as shall be in our power, the Indians that are with us.

ARTICLE II.

It shall be permitted him to go out, and carry with him all that belongs to them, except the artillery, which we reserve.

ARTICLE III.

That we will allow them the honors of war, that they march out with drums beating, and one swivel gun, being willing thereby to convince them, that we treat them as friends.

ARTICLE IV.

That as soon as the articles are signed by both parties, the English colors shall be struck.

ARTICLE V.

That to-morrow, at break of day, a detachment of French shall go and make the Garrison file off, and take possession of the fort.

ARTICLE VI.

As the English have but few oxen or horses left, they are at liberty to hide their effects, and come again and search for them, when they have a number of horses sufficient to carry them off, and that for this end they may have what guards they please; on condition that they give their word of honor, to work no more on any buildings in this place, or any part on this side of the mountains.

ARTICLE VII.

And as the English have in their power one officer, two cadets, and most of the prisoners made at their assassination of M. de Jumonville, and promise to send them back, with a safe guard, to Fort Du Quesne, situate on the Ohio; for surety of performing this article as well as this treaty, M. Jacob Vanbraam and Robert Stobo, both Captains, shall be delivered to us as hostage., till the arrival of our French and Canadians above mentioned. We oblige ourselves on our side, to give an escort to return these two officers in safety; and expect to have our French in two months and a half at farthest. A duplicate of this being fixed upon one of the posts of our blockhouse, the day and year above mentioned.

Signed, Messrs.

JAMES MACKAYE,
G. WASHINGTON,
COULON VILLIERS.

Letters from Captain Stobo, July 28, 1754.

“The Indians are greatly alarmed at a report said to be brought up by an Indian named Tuscarora John. He reports that the Half-King, Monicetootha, and a Shawanese King, &c., to the number of 37, were confined by the English and carried as prisoners. That John Meinors, alias Jacob Cork, of Montour's Company, told him so soon as they got them to the inhabitants, they would hang them all, and advised him to make his escape. This was industriously reported the day before the Shawanese counselled with the French and their Indians. The French made them a very long and eloquent speech, telling them they did not come to make war with any, but the English would not let them alone. That they expected their children would not see their father abused in his old age; but that if they had a mind to join the English they might; if not, and to live in peace with all, there were goods for them. This was all I could pick up. The French gave two very large belts of Wampum, and as many strings. Their Indians gave an equal number. The French gave them likewise a large present, viz: 16 very fine guns, 2 barrels of gunpowder, and bullets in proportion, 16 fine suits of clothes, several of a meaner kind, blankets, strouds, &c. The Shawanese made no answer at that time, nor have I

heard they have as yet. 'Tis now reported for certain, that the Half-King, &c., are killed, and their wives and children given up to the barbarity of the Cherokees and Catawbass, of whom they say there are 300 at the new store. True or false, it has greatly alarmed them, and had it not been for that report, I believe a great many Indians, and of several nations, would have been with you now. If true, (which I cannot think,) there will be no further dependence on any Indians this way, and will make our return very hazardous, but that is not to be considered. The Shawanese, Picts and Delawares, have had a grand council by themselves; what they have determined I know not; but I have persuaded some of them to venture to see you, by assuring them they will be used in the best manner, and there is large presents at the new store. A present well timed now will be of great service. If peace be made with the Indians, Catawbass and Cherokee I hope all will go well. I assure you there was not any of those Indians we call ours at the battle, except six or seven. I believe of the Mingo nation, two fellows not regarded by them, particularly one English John; he was at Gist's with those that were suspected as spies. I am informed he intends to see you with some of the rest. Take care of them. I send this by Monecatooth's brother-in-law, a worthy fellow, and may be trusted. On the other side, you

have a draft of the Fort. such as time and opportunity would admit of at this time. The garrison consists of 200 workmen, and all the rest went in several detachments to the number of 1,000, two days hence. Mercier, a fine soldier, goes; so that Contrecoeur, with a few young officers and cadets, remain here. A Lieutenant went off some days ago, with 200 men, for provisions. He is daily expected. When he arrives, the garrison will be 400 men. La Force is greatly wanted here—no scouting now—he certainly must have been an extraordinary man amongst them, he is so much regretted and wished for. When we engaged to serve the country, it was expected we were to do it with our lives. Let them not be disappointed. Consider the good of the expedition without the least regard to us. For my part, I would die a thousand deaths, to have the pleasure of possessing this Fort but one day. They are so vain of their success at the Meadows, it is worse than death to hear them. Strike this fall as soon as possible. Make the Indians ours. Prevent intelligence. Get the best, and 'tis done. 100 trusty Indians might surprise this Fort. They have access all day, and might lodge themselves so that they might secure the guard with the tomahawks; shut the sally gate, and the Fort is ours. None but the guard and Contrecoeur stay in the Fort. For God's sake, communicate this to but few, and them you can

trust. Intelligence comes here unaccountably. If they should know I wrote, I should lose the little liberty I have. I should be glad to hear from you. But take no notice of this in your's. Excuse errors, bad diction, &c. Pray be kind to this Indian. Springes and Delaware George have been here." [Here follows a plan of the Fort.]

"SIR—I wrote you yesterday by an Indian named the Long or Mono; he will be with you in seven days. This goes by Delaware George. If these discharge their trust, they ought to be well rewarded. The purport of yesterday's letter was to inform you of a report, and I hope false, which greatly alarms the Indians: that the Half-King and Monecatooth are killed, their wives and children given to the Catawbias, Cattoways and Cherokees. I wish a peace may be made up between the Catawbias and the nations here; they are much afraid of them. Many would have joined you ere now had it not been for that report. You had as just a plan of the fort as time and opportunity would allow. The French manage the Indians with the greatest artifice. I mentioned yesterday a council the Shawanese had with the French, the present they gave, and if they made the French a speech yesterday, the bearer, who was present, will inform you to what purport. If yesterday's letter reaches you, it will give you a particular account of most things.

I have scarce a minute ; therefore can only add one more thing : there are about 200 men here at this time, 200 more expected in a few days ; the rest went off in several detachments to the amount of 1,000, besides Indians. The Indians have great liberty here ; they go out and in when they please without notice. If 100 trusty Shawanese, Mingoes and Delawares, were picked out, they might surprise the Fort, lodging themselves under the platform behind the palisades by day, and at night secure the guard with their tomahawks. The guard consists of 40 men only, and 5 officers. None lodge in the Fort but the guard, except Contrecœur—the rest in bark cabins round the Fort. All this you have more particular in yesterday's account. Your humble servant, &c. La Force is greatly missed here. Let the good of the expedition be considered preferable to our safety. Haste to strike.

“ A list of deserters and prisoners at the French Fort :

“ Mercer's company.—John Smith, John Baker. Did not get here till after the detachment of deserters.

“ Vanbraam's do.—Barnabas Deven.

“ Mercer's do.—Jacob Arants, John Ramsey. This man is the cause of all our misfortunes. He deserted the day before the battle. The French got to Gist's at dawn of day, surrounding the Fort, imagining that we were still there, gave a general

fire. But when they found we were gone, they were determined to return with all expedition, thinking we had returned to the inhabitants—when up comes Mr. Driscall,* told them he had deserted the day before, and that the regiment was still at the meadows, in a starving condition, which caused his deserting, and hearing they were coming, deserted to them. They confined him—told him if true, he should be rewarded, if false, hanged. This I had from the English interpreters.

“Mackay’s do.—Daniel Stuerdfages, wounded in the right arm.

“Montour’s do.—Daniel Lafferty, Henry O’Brien, prisoners.

“Taken at Guest’s by an Indian named English John, Lowrey’s traders, Andrew M’Briar, Nehemiah Stevens, John Kennedy, Elizabeth Williams.

“The Indians offered their prisoners for sale. Enquired the price—40 pistoles for each. A good ransom.

* *Mr. Driscall.* This name certainly seems out of place here. In the previous part of this paragraph, after naming Arants and John Ramsey, Stobo says, “*this man*,” evidently referring to Ramsey, and then says he “was the cause of all our misfortunes.” He next proceeds to explain how, and then for the first time this name “Mr. Driscall” appears. I have always suspected that Stobo wrote “Mr. Rascall,” and in copying, it was changed into “Mr. Driscall.”

“ All sent to Canada in custody of the Indian who took them, except John Kennedy : he was given to the Owl to weigh upon while his leg was curing. He was wounded with ten others, and four Indians. All are recovering but one, who died after having his arm cut off. Four were shot on the spot. That is all the loss I can hear of. On the 23d, three of their people deserted. I hope they are got with you by this time. I hear more intend it soon. I spoke to the commander several times concerning the prisoners, telling him as long as we came to a capitulation, to make them prisoners was wrong—he told me they were the Indian’s, and he could not get them from them.”

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